

THE
World turn'd upside down:

O R,

A briefe description of the ridiculous Fashions
of these distracted Times.

By T. J. a well-willer to King, Parliament and Kingdom.

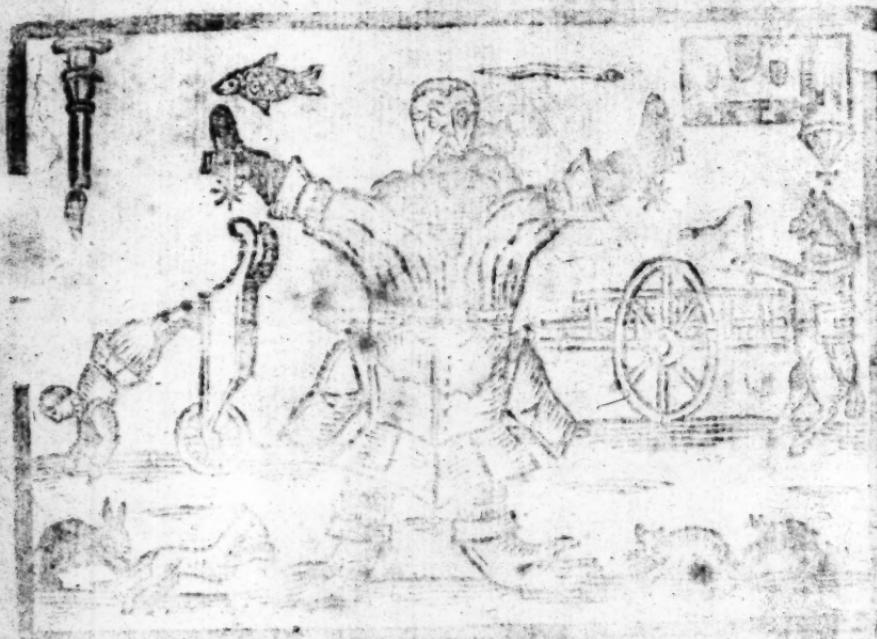


London: Printed for John Smith. 1647.

THE
McKittrick Collection

A Series of Recreations of the Highways & Byways
of the Olden Time

By J. T. Smith with Colored Pictures and Illustrations



London : Printed for T. Newell & Son, 1812.

The VVorld turned tip-tide-down

The Picture that is printed in the front
Is like the Kingdom, if you look upon it
For if you well do note it as it is,
It is a Transform'd Metamorphosis.
This monstrous Picture plainly doth declare
This Land (quite out of order) out of square.
His breeches on his shoulders do appear,
His doublet on his lower parts doth weare,
His boots and spurs upon his armes and hands,
His gloves upon his feet, (whereon he stands)
The Chirch o're turn'd, (a lamentable shew)
The Candlestick above, the light below,
The Cony hunts the Dogge, the Rat the Cat,
The Horse doth whip the Cart, (I pray marke that)
The Wheelbarrow doth drive the man (of base)
And Ecles and Guegcons lie a mighty pace.
And sure this is a Monster of strange fashyon,
That doth surpasle all Ovras Transformation.
And this is Englands case this very day,
All things are turn'd the clycan contrary way
For now when as a royll Parliament,
(With King, and Peccis, and Commons whole content)
Have satte above six years, with paines and cares,
And charge, to free us from our griefs and feares;
For when many a worthy Lord and Knight,
And good Elquire (for King, and Countreyes Right)
Have spent so much time with great toyle, and heed,
All Englands Vicious garden how to weed.

So like a Wildernesse 'twas over-runne,
That though much hath been done, all is not done.
The Devill doth periswade, entice and lurke,
And force bad men to set good men aworke.
That whilst the Worthies strive to right our wrongs,
And give to each man, what to him belongs,
Whil'st they take paines to settle all things heere,
An Irish Devill doth madly domineere.
From Hells blacke Pit, begirt with Romish Armies,
Thousands of Locusts are in Troupes and Swarmes,
More barbarous then the Heathens, worse then Jewes,
Nor Turkes or Tartars would such tortures use,
Sure that Religion can no waies bee good,
That so inhumanely delights in Blood:
Nor doth that Doctrine from the Scriptures spring,
For to rell against God and the King.
Nay (further) murder, ravish, spoile, deflowre,
Burne and lay waft depopulate, devoure,
Not sparing Infants at the breast or wombe,
(To die where first they liv'd, their birth, their tombe)
'Tis said no Serpent, Adder, Snake, or Toade,
Can live in Ireland or have their aboade:
'Tis strange that she those Vipers doth not kill,
That gnawes her bowells, and her blood doth spill,
Can Irish Earth kill all things venomous,
And can shee nurse such Vermin Mischievous:
Her owne sonnes Native, worse then strangers borne,
They have their Mothers Entrails rent and torn,
(Yet still her indulgencie, harbours those,
And feeds those Rebells that do breed her woes:
God (in thy mercie) give her strength and ayd,
And courage, make her foes and ours dismay'd,
Thou Lord of Hosts, thine owne cause take in hand,
Thy foes (thine Antichristian foes) withstand.

Defend thy truth, and all our Armies gaide ;
Our Enemies to scatter and devide.
Thus leaving Ireland with my hearty prayers)
To Britaine hooke againe my Musc repaires :
Where I perceive a Metamorphosis,
Is most preposterous, as the Picture is,
The world's turn'd up-side-downe, from bad to worse
Quite ouer of frame, *The Cart before the Horse.*
The Felt-maker, and lawcie stable Groome
Will dare to preach into the Preachers roome ;
Each Ignorant, doe of the Spirit boast,
And prating tooles brag of the *Holy Ghost*,
When *Ignoramus* will his Teacher teach,
And Sow-gelders and Coblers dare to preach,
This shewes, mens wits are monstrously disguis'd,
Or that our Countrey is Antipodis'd.
When as the Lords Prayer is almost neglected,
And all Church-Government is quite rejected,
When to avoid a *Romish Papist's name*,
A man must be unmannerly, past shame,
When he that doth shew reverence, doth offend,
And he seemes best, that will not bow or bende,
When he that into Gods House doth not come,
As to a Stable, or a Tipling Roome,
Is counted for a Popish Favorite,
And branded so, despis'd, and scorn'd with spite.
When he that (of his waies) doth conscience make,
And in his heart doth world, flesh, feind forfaine,
Loves God with all his soule, adores no pelfe,
And loves his Neighbour, as he loves himselfe,
This man is rare to finde, yet this rare man
Shall have the hatefull name of Puritan :
When execrations pierce the firmament,
And oathes doe batter 'gainst heaven's battlement :

When

When imprecations, and damn'd blasphemies,
In sundry cursed volleys, scale the skies,
When men wrote bruitish then the Horse or Mule,
Who know not to obey, bridle to rule,
Thus Church and Common wealth, and me, am I
(Much like the Picture) out offame or foyre,
And if twere possible our fathers old
Should live againe, and tread upon this modell
And see all things confusid, overthowne,
They would not know this Countrey for their own.
For England hath no likelihod or shew
Of what it was but sevnty years ago,
Religion, mansers, life, and shapes of men,
Are much unlike the people that were then,
Nay, Englands face, and language is estrang'd,
That all is Metamorphis'd chop'd, and chang'd,
For like as on the Poles the World is whord,
So is this Land the Bedlam of the World,
That I amazed, and amazed am,
To see Great Britain turn'd to Amsterdam,
Mens braines and wits (two similes bear together)
From thence, mix'd and compounded, are sent hither,
For Amsterdam is landed (as I heare)
At Rye, or Hastings, or at Dover Peere,
At Harwich, Ipswich, Sandwich, or at Weymouth,
And at Portsmouth, Dartmouth, Plymouthe, Falmouth,
At Yarmouth, and at the Ports of Tinnmouth,
And Westward unto Britow, and to Monmouth,
From all these Mouthes, and more, mad sects are sent,
Who have Religion all in pieces rent,
One would have this, another would have that,
And most of them would have they know not what,
God give us peace, and ease us of our paine,
And send those Sects, from whence they came againe.

The

The Papist and the Schismatique ; both grieves
The Church, for shee's like Christ (between two Thieves)
I tooke the Covenant twice of late,
Where I protested not to innovate.
To avoid all Popish Rites, and to exprefs
Obedience to what Englands Church profess,
My Loyalty unto my King is bent
With duty to the Peeres and Parliament,
With Prayers, and my best service for them all,
That on them may heavens chiefest blessing fall,
That with one heart, as one man, with one mind,
(For Gods great glory) they may be combinde,
And never vary, but ge boldly on,
To end the good worke which they have begun:
This is the sum (with ne'er shall be forsooke)
Of what I in the Covenant have tooke,
But, for all this, I may be mannerly
In Gods House, and be free from Papistrie,
I hope I may putt off my hat, and bee
Allow'd to kneel, and pray, and bow my knee,
When as divine Command bids, onely then
I'll bow to God, and not to Saints or Men,
And from those duties I will never vary,
Till death, or order do command contrary.
Th' Almightyes Name be ever prais'd and blest,
That Romish Superstition is supprest,
We have no Abbies, Abbots, Friars or Monks,
Nor have we Nuns, or Stews allow'd for Punks,
We have no Masses, nor no Mas-Priests heere,
But some are hang'd, and some are fled for feare.
All those that are so bold to stay behind,
I wish they may like entertainement find,
Beades, Bables, Reliques, Tapers, Lamps or Lights,
We have no superstitious Romish Rites,

We

We seeke our Pardons from our heavenly hope,
And not by workes or favour from the Pope,
To Saints we make no prayer or intercession,
And unto God alone we make Confession,
We hold no reall Presence in the Bread,
And wee doe know King Charles our supreme head
(Beneath God, who hath plac'd him in his Throne)
For other Supreme, we acknowledge none.
No purgatory, Image, Wood, or Stone,
No Stocke, or carved Blocke, we trust upon,
Nor is our Church discretion here so little,
As to baptize with creame, with salt and spittle.
We have as many Sacraments, as Heaven
Ordain'd, which are but two, and Rome hath seven,
We doe not christen Bells, and give them Names
Of Simon, Peter, Andrew, John, and James,
We use no Pilgrimage, or Holy-water,
Nor in an unknowne tonge our prayers scatter,
All these, and many more, in Rome are us'd,
Which are by us rejected and refus'd.
And yet too many faults, alas remaines,
Which are the Churches, and the Kingdomes staines,
The Church Tryumphaat is most cleare from spots,
The poore Church Militant hath still some blots,
Here's all unperfect, something's still amisse,
And nothing's blest, but in Eternall Blisse.
Meane time, till wee amend, and leave our crimes,
The Picture is the Emblem of the times.

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